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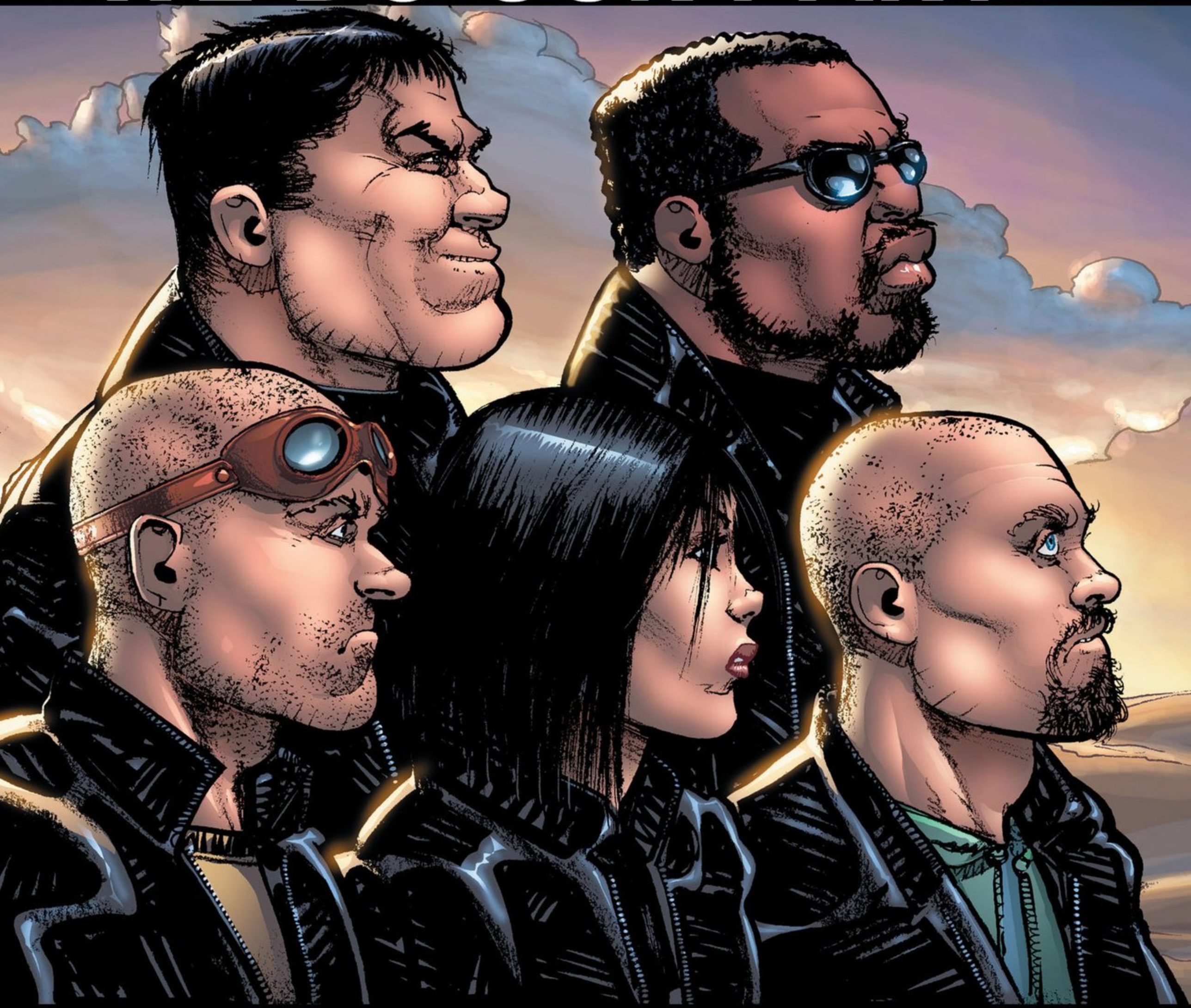
Garth Ennis Darick Robertson

The BOYS™

TWENTY-FOUR

WE DO OUR PART --



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Garth Ennis Darick Robertson

The BOYS™

TWENTY-FOUR

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.

Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys**.

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A FINE LITTLE GIRL, AWAITS FOR ME--

SHE'S JUST A TRIP, A-CROSS THE SEA--

ME SAIL THAT SHIP, AH, ALL ALONE--

ME NEVER KNOW HOW I MAKE IT HOME...

AH, LOUIE-LOUIE, OH-NO-NO-NO--WE GOTTA GO!

OHHHH, NO, LOUIE-LOUIE--

WE GOTTA GO NOW

part two

OH LORD, NOT AGAIN.

SURELY NOT AGAIN...

YOU MIND TELLING ME WHAT YOUR BUSINESS IS HERE?

WE'VE HAD SOME EXCITEMENT THESE LAST COUPLE OF DAYS, WE'RE NOT LOOKING TO HAVE ANYMORE. SO... YOU WANT TO TELL ME?

BECAUSE IF YOU DON'T FEEL LIKE--

OH.

I APOLOGIZE, SIR. I BEEN, I BEEN A LITTLE ON EDGE...

SURE.

THIS IS WHERE SHE WAS STANDIN', RIGHT?

RIGHT THERE. I GUESS YOU HEARD ALL ABOUT IT.

READ THE REPORT.

YOU DAVENPORT?

THAT'S ME, SIR. SAW THE WHOLE THING FROM START TO FINISH.

SIR, I HATE LIKE HELL TO ASK, BUT YOU MIND IF I SEE YOUR IDENTIFICATION AGAIN AND CALL IN THE BADGE NUMBER? ONLY WE HAD KIND OF AN INCIDENT HERE AFTER THE THING HAPPENED...AND...

I HEARD.

YEAH, WELL, I'M THE DAMN FOOL IT HAPPENED TO.

I APPRECIATE IT, SIR. I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.

TAKE YOUR TIME.

SO SHE WAS STANDIN' HERE...FACIN' THE WAY I'M FACIN'...AN' ALL SHE SAID WAS ***WHERE'S UNCLE PAUL?***

THAT'S EXACTLY IT, SIR. JUST STARING INTO SPACE.

HUH.

YOU COOL, DUDE? YOU GOT EVERYTHING YOU NEED?

AYE, THANKS, BUZZ CUT! AYE!

OH, FUCK THAT SHIT!

RANDALL, DUDE! WE SAVE THE FAGGY CODENAMES FOR WHEN WE'RE WITH THE G-MEN!

I MEAN FUCK, HUGHIE, YOU THINK WE'RE GONNA CALL YOU BAGPIPE ALL THE TIME...?

GLAD TO HEAR IT! I DIDN'T EXACTLY GET TO CHOOSE IT MYSELF!

FUCKIN' VOUGHT AMERICAN SUPE BULLSHIT! AROUND HERE PINWHEEL AIN'T PINWHEEL, HE'S CORY! DIME-BAG IS JAMAL!

AND JETLAG AND AIRBURST? FUCK! SUGAR AND THE WEEZER, DUDE!

YO! BLOWCHOWSKI! YOU BLOWCHOWSKI OR DISCHARGE TONIGHT?

BLLRRRCHSKKRRR--!

BLOWCHOWSKI!!!!!!

BLOWSHOWSHKI, DUDE--!

RIGHT, NO SUPE NAMES, THAT SUITS ME DOWN TO THE GROUND. WHO'S THIS?

OOHHHH, HE'S A MOTHERFUCKIN' *HERO,* DUDE!

HE'S THE *DUDE WITH NO NAME...!*

HE GOES WAY, *WAY* BACK BEFORE US, LIKE I DUNNO *WHO* WAS IN G-WIZ WHEN HE WAS COMIN' UP. BUT HIS INITIATION, OKAY, THEY TOLD HIM HE HAD TO LIKE *SHAVE THE SNOW LEOPARDS AT THE BRONX ZOO*--AN' HE LIKE *BELIEVED THEM,* DUDE...!

HE'S BEEN HERE EVER SINCE, HE'LL BE HERE LONG AFTER WE'RE GONE. EVERY GENERATION, WE ALL LOOK AFTER HIM. HE'S...

HE'S AN *INSPIRATION,* DUDE.

OH, OKAY...

C'MON, DUDE, I'LL GIVE YOU THE REST OF THE TOUR!

AYE, COOL. COOL.

BRILLIANT...

SO ONE THING I WAS WONDERIN' WAS, HOW COME YOU--HOW COME WE DON'T LIVE UP AT THE BIG HOUSE, WI' JOHN GODOLKIN AN' THE REST O' THEM?

WHY ARE WE AWAY OFF DOWN THE ROAD HERE?

YOU MEAN LIKE THE FRAT? IT'S TO, YOU KNOW, IT'S TO GET US USED TO THE COMMUNITY. LIKE WE ALL GREW UP AT GODOLKIN'S, WE GOTTA LEARN HOW REGULAR PEOPLE LIVE.

HEY, YOU WANNA SEE THE PORNO ROOM?

FUCK THE SEVEN

WHAT? *FUCK.*

FEAST YOUR EYES.

SEMEN EXPLOSION 5

ME SO HORNY!

YOU BETTER! BELIEVE IT'S NOT BUTTER!

THIS FIST FOR HIRE

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT MARY'S PUSSY

WE GOT LIKE *TWENTY THOUSAND TITLES,* DUDE. WE GOT EVERYTHING, FUCKIN' A.T.M., INTERRACIAL, ANIMALS...I MEAN WE GOT SLUTS DOIN' SHIT YOU WON'T BELIEVE, STRAP-ONS AN' FISTIN' AN' SHIT...

OH RIGHT, YEAH. VERY NICE.

SO...

AYE, SO YOU WERE SAYIN', MISTER GODOLKIN TOOK YOUS BOYS IN WHEN YOU WERE WEE?

AH, I DON'T REMEMBER MUCH ABOUT IT, DUDE. I MEAN NEARLY ALL THE G-MEN STARTED OUT LIKE THAT, THERE'S ONLY A COUPLE LIKE YOU FROM OUTSIDE.

BUT YOU LIKE IT HERE BETTER, AYE? NO CODENAMES AN' SUPE SHITE?

FUCK *YEAH,* DUDE. I MEAN I KNOW WE ALL GOTTA GROW UP AN' BE G-MEN ONE DAY, BUT...MAKE HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES, YOU KNOW?

SO YOU WANNA JERK OFF NOW?

...WHAT?

UH...

I...

I MEAN--

NOT RIGHT NOW, SURE! C'MON, DUDE!

LET'S GO SEE WHAT KINDA SHIT *BLOWCHOWSKI'S* DOIN'...!

VINNIE'S COMIC
ACTION FIGURES
CAN'T SLEEP.
YOU?
DON'T SLEEP.
YEAH, I THOUGHT I'D DROP IN ON THE OFF-CHANCE. MUCH OCCURRIN'?
FUCK ALL.
I'D *OFFER*, BUT...
YEAH.
PATRÓN
TEQUILA
EVER MISS IT?
'COURSE, I JUST DON'T MISS WHAT HAPPENS AFTERWARDS. NEITHER DOES MOST OF HACKNEY, I CAN TELL YOU THAT MUCH.
HUGHIE'S IN, BY THE WAY. FRENCHIE GIMME THE NOD THIS EVENIN'.
YOU *WORRIED?*
NOT REALLY, NOT WITH THEM TWO FUCKIN' MANIACS LOOKIN' OUT FOR HIM. BUT...
HE'LL BE FINE. HE'S A GOOD KID.
HMH.
KINDA FUNNY, ME TALKIN' TO YOU ABOUT *GOOD PEOPLE.* CONSIDERIN' SOME A' THE SHIT WE'VE *DONE*...

WHAT WE ARE DON'T CHANGE WHAT HE IS.

HE *REMIND* YOU OF ANYBODY...?

TERROR, COME OUTTA THERE, SON...

AH, I CAN PRINT UP MORE WHENEVER I WANT TO.

KNOCK YOURSELF OUT, POOCH.

SPEAKIN' A' WHICH, THEM PAPERS YOU GAVE HIM GONNA HOLD UP ALL RIGHT?

WELL, GUISEPPE DID 'EM FAST, BUT THAT DON'T MEAN HE RUSHED 'EM. WHAT'RE WE TALKIN', ENOUGH TIME TO PLANT THE BUGS AN' SKEDADDLE?

OKAY, GODOLKIN GETS 'EM, BUT HE DON'T READ 'EM...HE'S SUSPICIOUS ENOUGH TO DO *THAT,* THE KID WON'T EVEN GET AS FAR AS HANDIN' 'EM OVER...

SO HE HAS SOME G-FUCK DO IT. THE G-FUCK CHECKS WITH VOUGHT, WHO'S THIS NEW GUY YOU SENT US, YADDA-YADDA-YADDA-- AGAIN, IT AIN'T A PRIORITY, SAME REASON...

I'D SAY TWO DAYS MINIMUM. JOB AIN'T DONE BY THEN, YOU SHOULDA SENT YOUR PAL THERE INSTEAD.

I LIKED THE NAME, BY THE WAY. M.M. AN' FRENCHIE WERE PISSIN' THEMSELVES.

YEAH, WELL, WHAT CHOICE DID I HAVE? YOU *HEARD* THAT KID TRYNNA DO AN *AMERICAN ACCENT?*

WHY SO CAUTIOUS, ANYHOW? YOU *DON'T* THINK HE CAN HANDLE IT?

NAH, IT AIN'T THAT. JUST GOT A FUNNY FEELIN' ABOUT THIS ONE.

RAYNER, THE OTHER DAY, RIGHT, SHE COMES ALL THE WAY TO NEW YORK TO TELL ME SOMETHIN' SHE COULDA SAID OVER THE PHONE IN FIVE MINUTES.

SHE WANTS ME TO THINK IT'S 'COS SHE CAN'T RESIST ME SLIPPIN' HER A LENGTH, AN' I'M HAPPY TO LET HER THINK I BELIEVE HER--SUITS THE WAY SHE SEES ME, LED AROUND BY ME DICK AN' THAT. BUT THAT AIN'T IT.

SO WHY'S SHE SO BLEEDIN' FASCINATED BY THE G-MEN ALL OF A SUDDEN? WHY'S SHE GOTTA LOOK ME IN THE EYE AN' TELL ME TO MAKE 'EM A PRIORITY?

WELL, YOU'RE THE EXPERT, I GUESS. SHE WANTS TO TALK *SUPES*, WHO ELSE IS SHE GONNA GO SEE BUT *YOU*?

NOT THE POINT...AH, I DUNNO.

MEANT TO SAY TO YOU, BY THE WAY: NICE ONE BRINGIN' HUGHIE UP TO DATE. VOUGHT AN' THE SEVEN AN' ALL.

I AIM TO *FUCKIN' PLEASE.*

'LONG AS YOU DIDN'T GET SENTIMENTAL, OR NOTHIN'.

HUH...?

AN' GO ON TOO MUCH ABOUT MALLORY.

'COURSE NOT.

SORRY, MATE.

WILL THAT BE EVERYTHING?

YES, MA'AM.

MABEL'S MAPLE TANK-O-SYRUP

THAT IS A LOT OF SYRUP.

DUDE I KNOW'S GONNA GO THROUGH THAT IN A WEEK.

SO YOU RECOGNIZED HER FROM THE MAGAZINES, BUT YOU NEVER SAW HER BEFORE. SHE NEVER CAME IN HERE, NEVER PASSED BY, NEVER EVEN BEEN TO CRANBROOK AS FAR AS YOU KNOW.

NO CHECKS

NO, WE WOULD HAVE REMEMBERED HER AROUND HERE. FIRST TIME I SAW THE POOR GIRL FOR REAL WAS WHEN SHE DROPPED DEAD IN FRONT OF ROGER--IN FRONT OF SHERIFF DAVENPORT, I MEAN.

AH, THANKS, ANGIE. WE OUGHT TO BE LEAVING NOW.

WELL, THANK YOU FOR YOUR TIME, MA'AM. AN' THANK YOU FOR THE SYRUP.

NO CHECKS

YOU KNOW, THIS PLACE LOOKS KINDA NEW, LIKE IT WAS JUST REFURBISHED. BUT IT'S AN OLD BUILDING, RIGHT?

OH, THAT'S RIGHT. WE ONLY STARTED HERE A COUPLE OF YEARS BACK.

SO DO YOU HAPPEN TO KNOW WHAT BUSINESS WOULDA BEEN HERE BEFORE YOURS?

OPEN COME ON IN!

WELL, ED WOULD KNOW MORE ABOUT THAT THAN I DO. ***ED!!***

I'M GONNA GO WAIT IN THE CAR--

LEMME SEE NOW...BEFORE THIS IT WAS A HAIRDRESSIN' SALON...AN' BACK IN THE NINETIES IT WAS JOE KELLER'S GROCERY STORE, AN' BEFORE THAT IT WAS DESANO'S--THEY SOLD ICE CREAM...

I REMEMBER DESANO'S. IT WAS REAL GOOD ICE CREAM.

AN' BEFORE THAT...A BAR, I THINK. THAT WAS BACK WHEN CARTER WAS IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

HOPE THAT'S OF SOME USE TO YOU, YOUNG FELLA...

IT JUST MIGHT BE, ED. THANK YOU.

COME AGAIN!

SO LEMME ASK YOU SOMETHIN', ROG.

YEAH?

THAT HAIR OF HERS: DOES IT, YOU KNOW, GO BACK AN' FORTH...?

OR DOES IT STAY STILL?

OH, MAN. YOU OUGHTA SEE IT.

HMH.

G-MEN ARE ALL S'POSED TO BE ORPHANS, AIN'T THEY?

I BELIEVE SO. BUT WE NEVER HAD AN ORPHANAGE IN CRANBROOK, NEVER EVEN HAD ANYTHING LIKE ONE. DON'T THINK WE EVER HAD PEOPLE CALLED *KINCAID,* NEITHER.

I MEAN, YOU THINK SHE LIVED HERE AT SOME POINT, YOU'RE WELCOME TO CHECK THE TOWN RECORDS. BUT IT AIN'T ON THE COMPUTER OR NOTHIN', IT'S GONNA BE A LOTTA WORK...

WELL, THAT'S WHY THEY SENT ME, ROG.

'CAUSE I'M ONE PATIENT MUTHAFUCKA.

D'YOU WANT ONE OF THESE?

AH--I'M SORRY, MY LADY?

I'M DONE WITH THEM.

OH...NO, THANK YOU, I--

LUNCH.

A MARTINI, I THINK. IF IT AIN'T BROKE, DUH-DAH-DUH-DAH-DUH-DAH.

HELLO...?

IS ANYONE THERE?

THANK YOU

WHO IS IT?

HELLO?

I DON'T KNOW. THERE'S JUST THIS KIND OF--

WEIRD NOISE...

PPBBBBBBBBBTTTT

WHAT'S--

SHH--!

DUDE, WE GOT THE SEVEN'S H.Q. ON THE LINE...!

PPBBBBBBBTTTT

HOW THE FUCK DID YOU MANAGE THAT?

WE GOT THE NUMBER FROM THE VOUGHT DIRECTORY, THEY HAVE EVERYBODY'S. CHECK IT OUT:

PPBBBBBBBBBTTTT

WAIT A MINUTE--IS THIS *YOU AGAIN,* YOU LITTLE BASTARDS?

HA HA HA HA

HA HA HA HA

SUCK MY DICK, *JERK-OFF FROM JUPITER!*

HOMO-LANDER!

PUT MAEVE ON, I WANNA COME ON HER FUCKIN' TITS!

DUDE, C'MON! *C'MON!*

YOU FUCKING RETARDED PIECES OF SHIT, WE'RE GOING TO *GET YOU* AND WE'RE GOING TO *RIP YOUR--*

OH, LOOK, THIS IS RIDICULOUS! JUST HANG UP!

GO, DUDE! GO!

FOR FUCK'S SAKE, THIS IS *DAFT--*

GO!!

WHOEVER YOU ARE, THIS *ISN'T FUNNY--*

A-TRAIN'S A FUCKIN' CUNT!!

COULDN'T BE.

DUDE, I THINK YOU GOT SHIT ON THE PHONE...!

HMMM.

I THINK PERHAPS WE SHOULD SELECT A DIFFERENT GAME.

THIS ONE... C'EST UN MAUVAISE INFLUENCE.

NON.

NOT PAINTBALL.

NEVER AGAIN, NOT AFTER LAST TIME...

HUGHIE TO FRENCHIE! HUGHIE TO FRENCHIE! OVER!

"HUGHIE TO FRENCHIE." *JUSTE PARLER,* PETIT HUGHIE...!

WE'RE GOIN' OUT, FRENCHIE! WE'RE GOIN' UP TO THE BIG HOUSE, I'M MEETIN' **GODOLKIN!**

COMPRIS. KEEP THE PANIC BUTTON WITH YOU ALWAYS.

RIGHT, I'VE GOTTA GO, I'VE GOTTA GO! ARE WE STILL ALL RIGHT WI' THAT THING, BY THE WAY?

AUCUN PROBLEME.

BON CHANCE, PETIT HUGHIE.

MM?

OH, CE N'EST RIEN. HE WANTS TO MEET HIS GIRLFRIEND, SHE IS COMING TODAY OR TOMORROW. I SAID I WOULD COVER FOR HIM.

THEY ARE IN THE TIME OF LOVE'S FIRST HUMMINGBIRD, VOUS SAVEZ?

TO BE APART IS TORMENT. TO BE TOGETHER...THE SUN ON THE HILLS. THE ROAD THAT WENDS ITS WAY ALONG THE VALLEY, THE BRIDGE ACROSS THE STREAM BEFORE THE VILLAGE, THE CRY OF *L'OIGNONS!* ON A SUMMER MORNING...

MARIE...!

THERE ARE *MANY THINGS* THAT M'SIEUR CHARCUTER NEED NOT KNOW. WHAT GOES ON IN BENSONHURST, FOR INSTANCE.

OR BAY RIDGE.

OR LITTLE ODESSA.

NO CHOCOLATE LIMES FOR YOU FOR QUITE A WHILE, I THINK.

EN BAS AUX AFFAIRES.

YOU PICKED A PRETTY SWEET FUCKIN' TIME TO SHOW UP, HUGHIE...

OH AYE?

HELL, YEAH. NEXT WEEK WE'RE ALL GOIN' INTO THE CITY FOR SAINT PATRICK'S DAY.

GET YOUR FUCKIN' IRISH ON, DUDE! PAR-TAAYYY!

OH AYE, SAINT PADDY'S. RIGHT.

SO LISTEN, WILL THE RESTA THE G-MEN BE THERE TODAY...?

WELL, THE MAIN TEAM, THE ACTUAL *G-MEN,* THEY'RE ALWAYS THERE. THE REST, IT KINDA DEPENDS--MIGHT BE A FEW HERE TO PAY THEIR RESPECTS, AFTER WHAT HAPPENED TO SILVER KINCAID.

FUCKIN' SHAME ABOUT THAT. SHE WAS A PIECE OF ASS.

I LIKE *NUBIA,* MAN...

DUDE, YOU ARE FUCKIN' WELCOME TO HER. SOMETHIN' GOIN' ON THERE JUST AIN'T RIGHT.

SHIT...G-STYLE AN' G-COAST AIN'T GONNA BE HERE TOGETHER, ARE THEY?

OH, *FUCK...!*

NO WAY, MAN, GODOLKIN AIN'T GONNA LET THAT HAPPEN...

JESUS CHRIST, *PLEASE* NO...

OH YEAH, HUGHIE, SPEAKIN' OF SILVER KINCAID: YOU MIGHT WANNA STAY CLEAR OF FIVE-OH. HE'S GONNA BE SERIOUSLY PISSED ABOUT IT.

YEAH, NO WAY DOES HE GET TO FUCK HER NOW. AN' WATCH OUT FOR GROUND HAWK, TOO.

WHY, DID HE FANCY HER AS WELL?

NO, HE'S JUST A FUCKIN' SICK RETARDED FUCK.

SERIOUSLY.

HERE WE GO...

JUST CHILL, HUGHIE. DO IT LIKE WE TOLD YOU, IT'LL ALL BE COOL.

THEY LOVE THEIR FUCKIN' DRAMA, IS ALL.

THIS IS HIM?

HMMM.

YES SIR, MISTER GODOLKIN...

HE'S RATHER OLD.

next: IT'S NOT GONNA BE AN ORGY...!